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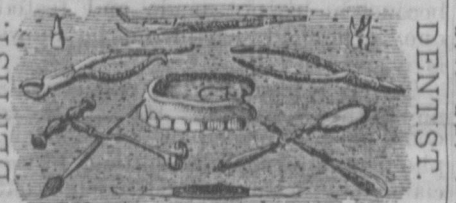
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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1878.

NUMBER 32.

POETRY.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following beautiful poem is said to have
been written by King James I., though by some
it is ascribed to Bishop Andrew.

If any are distressed, and faint would gather
Some comfort, let them hasten unto
Our Father:

For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Unless Thou succor us
Who art in Heaven.

Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee singing
Hallowed be Thy name.

Of all thy miseries cast up the sum,
Show us Thy joys, and let
Thy Kingdom come.

We mortal are, and alter from our birth,
Thou constant art:
Thy will be done on Earth.

Thou mad'st the Earth, as well as planets seven;
Thy name is blessed here,
As 'tis in Heaven.

Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except thou givest it to us.
Give us this day,

Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.

We want, but want no faults; for no day passes
But we do sin—
Forgive us our trespasses;

No man from sinning ever free did live;
Forgive us, O Lord, our sins
As we forgive.

If we repent our faults, Thou'rt ever ready to
Us pardon
Them that trespass against us;

Forgive us, that is past, a new path tread us,
Direct us always in Thy Faith,
And lead us.

We thine own people and Thy chosen Nation,
In all truths, but
Not into temptation.

Thou that of all good grace art the giver
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver

Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh, so shalt thou free us
From all evil.

To these petitions let both Church and laymen
With one consent of heart and voice say
Amen.

STORY TELLER.

THE JERSEY GIANT.

This story is not going to begin by
saying, "Once upon a time." Why
will people always say, "Once upon a
time," and make the story seem over
so old? Just as if you and I and all
the other children did not know there
are giants nowadays in the woods,
and little fairies keeping house in the
beds of violets, and good spirits living
in the bright places where the sun
shines, and bad spirits shut up in the
dark holes in the trees, so that they
can't get out at the children! Dear
me! We are not so young as they
take us to be, are we? So, when I
tell you that this giant lived in New
Jersey, not a hundred miles from New
York, and that what I am going to
tell you happened only last summer,
you and I know that it might easily
be so, and we shall not mind the wise
looks of those older people who think
it is all foolishness. Let me say another
thing—that this story is told for
boys and girls, and I have no time to
write it so that older people can easily
understand it. If they find any
long words of which they do not know
the meaning, why, they can ask the
children to explain them.

The boy who saw this giant was little
Tommy Bonto, who will tell you all
about it if you ever meet him. He
lives in New York, in a four-story
brown-stone house near Fifth avenue,
and goes to Dr. Syntax's school, on
the corner of Third and Broadway, and
Wandynkalt avenue. So if you want
to know from his own lips whether
this story is true, it will be easy for
you to find him. Tommy and his
mother were staying at the sea-side,
and he was having a good time, I can
tell you. He was eight years old, and
there were other boys there just of
his age. I never knew boys just eight
years old to fail to have a good time.
They were staying in a handsome ho-
tel on the Jersey shore, a long way
below Long Branch, where they could
look right out of their windows over
the ocean and see the stately white
sails moving to and fro, and the hawks
darting at the waves for fish, and
could hear, day and night, the roar of
the surf on the beach. There were
four great pleasures in this life for
Tommy Bonto and his little friends—
eating, sleeping, bathing, and playing
on the beach. And the greatest of
these was eating, for the appetite of
an eight-year-old boy in his vacation
and at the sea-side is one of the won-
ders of the world.

One day, after dinner, Tommy took
his shovel and his little pail, and went
down to the beach to dig in the sand.
(The little pail had a good boy painted
on it, but of course that did not mean
that the pail was a good boy; that

would be nonsense. It meant that
Tommy was.) The other boys asked
Tommy to sit down in the sand, rest
his back against an old piece of a
ship's mast that was lying there, and
let them "make a sand man" of him.
Making a sand man of anybody was
to shovel sand on him until he was
pretty nearly covered. They usually
stopped before they got the sand
heaped up to his neck. I don't be-
lieve anybody but boys would ever
play such a game; but they played it,
and liked it. So Tommy sat down,
and they began to shovel the sand on
his fat little legs.

After a while he thought it was
time to go back to the hotel, but some-
how it seemed a long way off, and the
farther he walked, the farther it was
away. Now it moved off to one side,
and then behind him, and then sud-
denly it was gone. But he did not
feel afraid, though he did not know
why, and he kept on walking because
he knew he must come to something.
Soon he did, sure enough. He saw
just before him what he thought was
a tall tree—as tall as the house he
lived in in New York; but suddenly
the top of the tree began to whistle;
and made such a wind that Tommy's
sailor hat blew off. Tommy tried to
run, but he couldn't move, he was so
frightened. But the whistle sounded
very good-humored, and Tommy re-
membered that he had never seen any-
body whistle a jolly tune because he
was angry. It would be a good time
to speak to this great creature, but
how was it to be done? Tommy wished
for his Christmas horn; he wished
for a telephone; he wished for a big
pair of lungs; but wishing brought
none of them. At last he walked bold-
ly up to the big man, and, standing
by his shoe, took hold of the hem of
his trousers, and pulled very hard.
Then the giant felt him, and picked
him up with a great hand, and looked
at him. And when the giant had asked
Tommy all about himself, Tommy
took courage and said,

"And who are you?"
"Oh," said the man, "I'm the Jersey
Giant."
So Tommy went, on the Jersey Giant's
shoulder, to the place where the
Jersey Giant lived. They went with
such strides that Tommy thought
sometimes he should certainly be
whirled off the giant's shoulder. They
came at last to a house so high that
Tommy couldn't see the top of it,
where the giant took Tommy's breath
away by suddenly sitting down on a
bench outside the door. You can im-
agine to yourself how Tommy felt, if
you suppose that you were on the
roof of a house, and the house sud-
denly sat down. Presently the giant
said,

"It's time to go and dig the dinner."
"To do what?" cried Tommy, in
amazement.
"To dig the dinner!" roared the gi-
ant, in a voice that frightened the lit-
tle fellow into silence. "Come and
see the farm," the giant roared again.
"There's no such cooking done any-
where else in this country," he said.

"Dig the dinner!" "Cooking!"—on a
farm! What does he mean? thought
Tommy; but he did not dare to ask.
The giant put Tommy on his shoul-
der again, and away they went.
"I think that mince-pie must be
ripe," said the giant.
"What!" shrieked Tommy, right
into the giant's ear; for he sat close
by it.

"I say mince-pie must be ripe, and
we're going out to the patch to see."
Cooking!—on a farm!—digging the
dinner!—mince-pie patch! Tommy
was so astonished that he could not
utter a word. And sure enough they
came to a garden patch of mince-pie;
the crust was turning a rich brown
under the sun, and the edges were all
scalloped just as they are on the pie
at home. The giant took down a sil-
ver spade that hung on a tree near at
hand—which Tommy noticed was full
of jelly tarts just ripening, and had
two or three kinds of cake grafted on
it besides—and cut out a big piece of
the pie; he said the glass wagon
would come along and get it. But
before he went on he pulled a raisin
out of the pie and gave it to Tommy
to eat; it was as big as Tommy's fist.

"I'm taking the wrong end of my
dinner first," said the giant; "we'll go
and see how the soup tastes. I haven't
looked after the soups this year as
I ought to have done, and I'm afraid
the crop is going to be poor." A crop
of soups! How queer, Tommy thought,
but he did not dare to ask any more
questions. Really I'm a little afraid
to tell you all the strange things Tommy
saw, because you may think this
story is not true. But where do you
think they found the soups? In big
reservoirs like that on Fifth avenue,
and each reservoir held a different
kind of soup. The reservoir nearest
and at the sea-side is one of the won-
ders of the world.

One day, after dinner, Tommy took
his shovel and his little pail, and went
down to the beach to dig in the sand.
(The little pail had a good boy painted
on it, but of course that did not mean
that the pail was a good boy; that

of a mile wide, and each of them was
as clean as one of your mother's plates.
"Now for the fish," said the giant,
and he stepped over to a pond, where
they had no sooner appeared than the
fish came swimming up to the shore.
They seemed anxious to be caught,
and what is more, they were all cook-
ed. When Tommy looked closer he
saw that what he had thought to be
the water they were swimming in was
a lake of sauce. Finally the giant
picked out a handsome salmon trout,
that was nicely cooked and beautifully
trimmed with green leaves and slices
of hard-boiled egg, and evidently prided
himself very much on his appearance.

The roast beef, the giant said, they
would get at the beef garden near the
house, but now they must look after
the vegetables. So he dug up a few
boiled potatoes that were about as big
as pumpkins, and pulled some smok-
ing hot ears of corn off of some stalks
that were as tall as the trees Tommy
was used to, and pulled up some
parsnips that fell apart in slices as
soon as they came up, and showed
that each slice was nicely fried; then
he picked some baked apples from one
tree and some pickled peaches from
another.

Then, after he had got half a dozen
Charlotte-Russes from the hot-house,
he said, "Now we'll go to the ice-cream
pond!" "To the what?" screamed
Tommy into the giant's ear, but he
was told to wait and see. Presently
they found a boat and got in. They
sailed along till they came to what
seemed to Tommy to be great icebergs
of all sorts of colors; some were white
and some pink and green; and some
were a hundred feet high. It kept
growing colder and colder, and poor
Tommy shivered very much. Mean-
while the giant was getting very
angry, and at last he broke out into a
roar—"Where's that chocolate cream?"
Then Tommy knew that all these ice-
bergs were made of ice-cream, and it
seemed so funny that he could not
help laughing, though the giant's
anger frightened him. At that the
giant was still more vexed, and said
that Tommy shouldn't have any ice-
cream at dinner.

But the list of places where they
went is getting too long. There was
a sugar barn, where they got sugar
for the giant's coffee, where there were
great bins of brown sugar with wood-
en shovels in them, and great bins of
white sugar with silver shovels in them—
sugar, sugar, every where. There were
great cribs of macaroni; the places where
they kept the pepper were shaped like
big pepper crabs, and were half as high
as the sugar barn; there were bonbon
bushes, on which the candy grew in beautiful
little boxes, each one tied up with a
pretty ribbon; there were bushes filled
with nuts, each bunch of a different
kind, and on each bunch there grew a
little nut-cracker. There was a knife
and fork tree too, that bore knives
and forks of all kinds and sizes; and
there was a spoon bush, so full that
when the wind swayed it, all the
spoons tinkled together. Whenever
the giant needed a new knife or spoon,
you see, he only had to pick one.
There were plants whose cup-like
flowers were filled with strawberry
jam; there were garden patches of all
kinds of pie, and a big tank of apple
sauce; there were gum-drop vines;
whole fields full of bread, growing on
stalks, and half a dozen little orchards
of different kinds of cake, and a great
many other things about which there
is no space to tell you.

At last they sat down to dinner;
the giant sat on a chair, and Tommy
sat on a thick piece of bread on the
table. He watched the dinner all
through, and made up his mind that
the Jersey Giant was a greedy old fel-
low. Tommy wondered whether other
people ate as much in proportion
to their size. But he wasn't frighten-
ed until a big bowl was put upon
the table. When he got up and looked
over the rim, what do you suppose he
saw? Why, water-melons bobbing
around in the milk like huckleberries
in your bowl of milk! When the gi-
ant lifted up a spoon that had two or
three water-melons in it, and opened
his mouth—

Tommy never knew what followed,
but suddenly he found himself sitting
in the sand on the beach just where he
was before he started. He picked up
his shovel and little pail, and set out
as fast as his little legs would carry
him for the hotel. When he had told
his mother all about it she looked
rather grave, and to Tommy's astonish-
ment, asked him what he ate for
dinner. About the same as he always
had, he said, and this was about the
same as he always had: he had had
two plates of soup and two pieces of
fish; he had had roast beef and roast
lamb, roast duck and roast chicken; he
had had potatoes, tomatoes, turnips,
parsnips, corn, cucumbers, pickles, and
chowchow. It was a terrible list for
this wasn't half of it. Tommy didn't
think, of course, for after he had an-
swered all his mother's questions, he
said that he would have eaten a heart-
y dinner if he had been really hungry.

Mrs. Bonto had to find out all these
things from Tommy himself, because
the rules of the hotel did not allow
children to eat their meals at the same
time with the grown-up people, and he
therefore took his at unreasonable
hours, with servants for company.
Mrs. Bonto insisted on changing all
this, and Tommy dined after that with
his mother. And now and then she
would say at dinner, "Take care Tom-
my, or you'll see the Jersey Giant."

Tommy can't understand how, that
can be, for he feels sure the Jersey
Giant is a real man and not a bad
dream. But his mother always smiles
when he tells her that he knows just
where the Jersey Giant lives.—*Bazar.*

THE WESTERN INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.

(From the Arcane Leader, July 10, 1878.)

The closing exercises of the Western
Institution for Deaf-Mutes, occurred
at the Institution buildings, Roches-
ter, on Thursday and Friday, of last
week.

This school was opened in October,
1876, with twenty-three pupils. At
the end of the first year the number
had increased to sixty, and at the close
of this year ninety-six pupils were on
the school register. The rapid growth
which the school has had, has verified
its necessity in this part of the State.
Many children of school age have been
deprived of the privilege of an educa-
tion, because parents were unwilling
to send their children to New York, on
account of the expense, and the great
distance from home. These facts, to-
gether with the fact that the New York
school had become overcrowded, fully
warranted the State authorities in es-
tablishing an Institution at Rochester.

A noticeable feature of this Institu-
tion is the prominence which it gives
to the department of the articulation.
The majority of the children receive
daily instruction in the art of speaking,
and the young ladies and gentlemen
of the advanced class are able to car-
ry on an ordinary conversation by lip-
reading and articulation.

Among the children who were exhib-
ited on Thursday and Friday, the lit-
tle boy, Earl Wilson, son of one of your
respected townsmen, made a very fa-
vorable impression, and showed a mar-
velous improvement, after but one
year's instruction. His articulation
and lip reading, for one so short a time
in school, was wonderful, surprising
even his teacher, who has had a long ex-
perience in this department, but per-
haps has never had one who has made
more rapid improvement than Earl.
He was so full of enthusiasm and am-
bition, that there is no doubt, if his life
is spared, that in time he will be able
to read from the lips and speak quite
fluently.

William Eastman, from Attica, a
semi-mute, distinguished himself as a
reader of the lips; even the most rap-
id conversation he was able to catch
as it was pronounced by his teacher
or those interrogating him.

Dillworth Buck, from Java, one of
the New York Institution's pupils, has
shown a good degree of improvement.
He writes in a most artistic manner,
and his ability to use language is im-
proving. Mr. Buck has been under in-
struction in the articulating depart-
ment only three months, and is now
able to give the powers of the conso-
nant and vowel sounds.

Ora D. Miller, from your county, the
town has now escaped me, came to
school for the first time a little over
one year ago. Her spine was affected,
she could with difficulty get up and
down stairs. The little one at the ex-
amination stood at the head of the
class, and her articulation was some-
thing remarkable. From her weak
mental and physical condition she has
become one of the brightest of the pu-
pils in her division.

Manly Brewer, a little lad who, in ad-
dition to his deafness, is also partially
blind, has made considerable improve-
ment, although he has been in school
but a few months.

I have selected out these pupils
from the rest of the school because
they belong to your county, thinking
that more local interest might be at-
tached to the performances of the
children coming from Wyoming Coun-
ty than from elsewhere. It was a most
affecting sight to witness the delight
which several parents, evinced upon
hearing for the first time their children
utter articulate sounds,—lips which
to them had been locked in silence for
years. The most stoical nature could
not have failed to be moved by the
sight. One might well believe that
the age of miracles had returned, when
we hear the dumb-speaking, and in as-
tonishment turn from the creature to
the creator and exclaim: "Oh God, how
marvelous art thou in all thy works!"

By Prof. Bell's system of phonetic
symbols, any audible sound can be re-
produced, upon the plate or black-
board, so that a foreign language might
be taught if necessary. In one class-
room which we visited, two boys recit-
ed a part of the English, and after-
wards the German numerals, giving
the German gutturals with an amusing
degree of Teutonic vim. It is a novel

idea to hear a deaf and dumb boy speak-
ing English and German, and one
which our ancestors would have decid-
edly smiled at; but that the imparting
of a foreign language is not one of the
impossibilities, so far as the mere me-
chanical part of speaking is concerned,
was proven at the exhibition last week.
All the English branches are taught
in the school by means of the manual
alphabet, and sometimes in the higher
class by an oral recitation. The lan-
guage of signs, with its mysterious elu-
siveness, and doubtless will always
continue to be, the natural language of
the mute, and will always have a cer-
tain fascination for those who gaze up-
on the graceful air pictures, but for
school work and for the acquisition of
the English language, which after all
is the deaf-mute's *bête noire*—the manual
alphabet with its English order of
expression and exactness must be the
medium in the classroom to break the
shackles of deaf and dumb bondage to
the language of signs, which is a lan-
guage of ideas and not of words.

The success which the school has
met with has indeed been most Provi-
dential, and the good work which has
been accomplished during the past two
years of its existence, no one could fail
to appreciate who witnessed the exhibi-
tion on Thursday and Friday last.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 2, 1878.

Secretary Sherman continues the in-
cubation of his schemes for the benefit
of the bondholder, whom he serves
first; and in the further interest of
his party which comes next in his re-
gard. Perhaps these two should be
rated second and third, respectively,
as the interests he considers first, and
all the time, are the interests of John
Sherman. He has an idea that by
forestalling Congress and reaching
even a temporary resumption before
the fall elections, he can help the bond-
holders and the Republican party in
the Congressional canvass. And in
this view he is straining every effort
to bring about an apparent equality
between gold and silver and green-
backs. One scheme he proposes to
put in practice in order to get gold in-
to circulation and have it appear that
resumption is accomplished is, to
change the denomination of gold coins
paid out by the Treasury. The custom
has been to pay out eagles and half-
eagles; but now Sherman proposes to
use quarter-eagles and dollar pieces.
The smaller coins he thinks will be
circulated more freely, and will, at
least, bring out an appearance of re-
sumption. His idea is that there will
not be so much disposition to hoard
the small coins and they will go into
circulation, and this will bring out
coins of the same denominations that
have been locked up for years.

The bondholding interests are con-
tinually asserting that the Secretary
is "now fully able to resume," that
"resumption can be maintained," and
that he "can resume without the least
risk." From the point of view of the
bondholder all these statements are
true. The Secretary can resume "with-
out the least risk" to the usurer, pro-
vided his security is ample. He can
resume without the least risk to the
Treasury itself, if we regard the Treas-
ury as an institution which has noth-
ing to do with the welfare of the peo-
ple, as an institution whose chief func-
tion is to guard the interests of the
bondholders. But no greater delu-
sion was ever entertained than that
cherished by the specie fanatics that
specie payments once begun the finan-
cial question as a political issue will
be settled and the people will acquiesce
in resumption as a thing accom-
plished. Even if the great and grow-
ing strength of the National Labor
party did not show that the masses
have no such intention, we might be
sure that they will never consent to be
taxed to keep two or three hundred
millions of idle metal in the Treasury
in order to make bonds more valuable
and all debts more burdensome, nor
will they submit to a system which
makes the volume of currency and its
purchasing value entirely subject to
foreign influences, such as the Bank of
England's rate of discount or the state
of exchanges. They are evidently de-
termined not to submit any longer to
the interposition of the national banks
as issuers of paper money, nor in gen-
eral to any of the schemes or plans for
making money scarce and dear and
prices low. The issues between the
two sides on this question are well
enough defined to be distinguishable
by the common mind, and that mind
is made up. The accomplishment of
resumption will be a barren victory,
and may prove a disastrous one to the
capitalists, for there is a risk which
has been entirely overlooked in their
calculations—the risk that the people
will not tamely submit to their pro-
gramme. That patient ass, the pro-
ducer and consumer of the articles by
the taxation of which our revenue is
raised, and who in the end bears all
the burdens, is at last getting mad. It
would only be prudence on the part of
those who have been doing the pack-

ing to take off some of the load as
quickly as they can before his anger
culminates in action.

Some further reduction of clerical
force has lately taken place in the
Treasury and Interior Departments.
The dismissals are not numerous, how-
ever. Only fifty were relieved from
the temporary roll of the Patent Office,
among whom was Simon Cameron's
widow Oliver. She did not take it very
kindly, but declared she would not
leave, and continued to arrange and
dust the models until the close of the
office at 4 p. m. Some of the women
who were discharged came to her for
sympathy. "Never mind girls," she
said, "keep up courage. Come and
see me at my house. I have some in-
fluence with Simon yet, and I may be
able to get you back." The Superin-
tendent of the model room, from which
the removals were nearly all made,
says that the work of restoring the
models destroyed by the fire has so
far progressed that only skilled labor
is now necessary. The charge is made
and reiterated that Congress cut down
the appropriations to such an extent
that the public business suffers be-
cause there are not clerks enough in
the departments to attend to it. In
the face of this charge we find half
the desks vacant; heads of depart-
ments having gone off on pleasure
trips, their subordinates of all grades
follow their example. A walk through
almost any of the departments reveals
a degree of listless idleness and un-
concern suggestive of nothing to do
and plenty of time in which to do it.
PROSPO.

A YOUNG FARMER'S ROMANCE.

How He went to New York and Sur-
prised His Relatives There.

A New York correspondent vouches
for the truth of the following interest-
ing episode in a farmer boy's life: A
farmer boy from Michigan has at once
created a real life romance for "Our
Boarding-House," and made a hero of
himself in a small way. His experi-
ence reads very like fiction, and is all
the more interesting because it is not
fiction. The boy, who is nineteen
years old, green as a Michiganander
can be, and stout as any horse on his farm,
took a notion to become a New York
merchant. He owned a handsome
farm, but he caught the metropolitan
and mercantile diseases, rented his
farm, and resolved to make a total
change of business. He had an uncle
in business here, and the wife of that
uncle chanced to be our landlady, who
manages one of those colossal board-
ing-houses in which this city of board-
ers abounds. To this uncle the young
farmer wrote, stating his plans, and
asking as to the prospects of a place
in the uncle's establishment. The an-
swer was to wait till the coming fall,
when trade would set in more briskly;
meanwhile leaving opportunity to
gather the summer crops and get much
more ahead.

Nothing more was heard from the
nephew, and it was thought he had ac-
cepted the advice. On the contrary,
he packed his trunk and came on,
without informing his relatives of his
intentions. He arrived in town two
months ago, with the idea of looking
about for himself, to see what he could
do in an independent way. The first
thing he did was to buy a morning pa-
per. In that morning paper, seem-
ingly as some agent of destiny had or-
dained, his aunt had an advertisement
calling for a man of all work, whose
chief occupation was to wash dishes.
No sooner did the Michigan boy's eye
strike that head of "Wanted" than he
decided to answer at once and apply
for the position.

It is necessary to say that neither
uncle nor aunt had seen their nephew
since his babyhood, so that the way to
decide them was open and easy.
The nephew applied for the servant's
place. He admitted that he knew

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SILENT SERVICE IN MEXICO, N. Y.

At 3 p. m., Sunday, August 4th, about thirteen deaf-mutes of this town, including one (Mr. Edward C. Benedict, of Victory, N. Y.), and a good portion of hearing ladies and gentlemen met at Grace Church in this village, where the Episcopal service and a sermon was conducted by Prof. Job Turner, the well-known missionary to deaf-mutes. Mr. Turner dwelt pretty fully upon the importance of taking up the cross of Christ, saying, in one of his ideas, "To be worthy, sinful as we are, of the imperishable crown of glory which Jesus, the righteous Judge, shall give to all that love Him, appearing, and to secure the benefits of salvation, so freely offered to us, is to accept completely the belief that Jesus is the very Christ; and, believing this, it behooves a reverent obedience to all that the Saviour commands; to the blessed Lamb whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." His text was from Matthew x-38.

Rev. Dr. Cross, Rector of the church, having an engagement to hold services at Mexico Point at that hour, no reading was done for the edification of those present who had their hearing faculties.

Judging from the graceful but forcible language of the minister, and the undivided attention of his silent listeners (with their visual organs), the service was very impressive and the sermon eloquent.

Mr. Turner, who spent a few days with his friends in this village, on his return from his southern mission to the deaf and dumb, left on Monday last for Watertown, N. Y., on his way back to New England, where he will continue his mission work till next fall, when he will again resume his southern mission. That he will meet with much success in ministering to the spiritual wants of the deaf and dumb is the sincere wish of all interested in their welfare.

ANOTHER DEAF-MUTE PICNIC.

Lowering clouds and a drizzling rain last Friday morning made a "bilious" show for pleasure seekers, but the sky cleared, the mud soon dried up and about eleven o'clock, piling in to Mr. George Kenyon's stage, a merry, light-hearted load of us started for a picnic at Mexico Point, where we arrived in about one hour.

The afternoon was filled up with solid enjoyments peculiar to deaf-mute picnicks, principle among which was to partake of and discuss the merits of the contents of unnumbered baskets closely packed with a great variety of substantial and delicate edibles, carried from home, which were partaken of at a well-arranged table spread beneath the sheltering shade afforded by wide-spreading oaks, near the Lake Grove House, a popular summer resort recently opened by Mr. G. A. Marsden. The *electus*, which filled out the programme of the day's enjoyment consisted mainly in steam-yacht riding on Salmon Creek, which at the grove empties into Lake Ontario, a magnificent body of navigable water, sixty miles wide and one hundred and ninety long, also row-boating and minor pleasures, all of which were highly relished. Returning in the evening the stage was brilliantly lighted, enabling us to manipulate sign-language and the manual alphabet with perfect ease, affording us a very pleasant evening ride. Shortly before 10 a. m., we arrived at Mexico, greatly exhilarated by the ride and content with the day's enjoyments. Those who participated in the picnic were: Professor Job Turner, at the time here, on a visit, Mrs. J. W. Chandler and daughter, Miss H. A. Avery and Miss Mary Tripp, herself, wife and daughter, Miss Lizzie Taylor, Mr. H. L. Ball, Mrs. George Prune and Amy Prune, who are experts in the deaf-mute language; also, from the adjoining town of Richland, Mr. and Mrs. Milton N. Jones and his three children.

Andrew Cisco, the negro dwarf of Brooklyn, N. Y., twenty-three years old and only three feet tall, could not with impunity exhaust a common-sized sucker's potations of whiskey; the result was that, getting beastly drunk, he was taken in by a policeman, locked up in the station-house, and found dead a few hours afterwards. A sad warning for all other dwarfs who are accustomed to indulge in alcoholic stimulants, and larger children may also find profit in committing it to memory.

The Junon, a French steamer, is to sail soon from Marseilles for an eleven months' tour round the world. She carries twenty-five passengers, who anticipate great pleasure, for which they each pay the moderate sum of \$4,000 passage money—a very insignificant price, but well worth the next boat.

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Prof. Job Turner, of Virginia, will conduct a service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Boston, on Sunday, August 11th, at 3 o'clock p. m.

EDITORIAL BRIEVITIES.

Financially speaking, Jay Gould is said to be in a tight place.

A failure of the potato crop, similar to that of 1874 is reported from Ireland.

Miss Edith Fish is in England, receiving marked attention from Queen Victoria.

The State Board of Assessors has announced that all parsonages are liable to assessment for taxes.

A Cincinnati policeman, too flush with his revolver, shot a man trying to help him in a street fight.

The fact has been established by Berlin experts that trichina never infests the fat portion of pork.

After a prolonged game, the wrestling match between Miller and Bauer, at Elmira, N. Y., was declared a draw.

Throughout the wheat growing portion of the North-west the damage to that crop by rains is estimated at fully 50 per cent.

The six days' song service at Ocean Grove, N. J., began August 1st with nearly three thousand people in the tabernacle.

There are fresh Indian outbreaks. The warriors are said to be raiding all through the Snake river and Owyhee country.

The overtaxed may draw consolation from the statement that in the month of July the public debt was reduced \$206,306.97.

The best three heats on record were made by Harus at Cleveland, O., recently, when he trotted a mile respectably in 2:14, 2:15 and 2:14.

The Twenty-fifth Ward Republican League of Brooklyn gave a picnic and barbecue, one day last week, at which a very large fat ox was roasted.

Collector Merritt, recently appointed for the Port of New York, has selected William H. Stillwell, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., for his private secretary.

The crowded tenements occupied by the poorest class of New Yorkers are infested with the usual amount of sickness and suffering consequent upon stunted nourishment and crowded throngs.

The "Sam Patch" of the day is Mr. Frank Higgins, who jumped from the bridge over the falls of the Passaic river, at Paterson, N. J., into the water beneath, a distance of 80 feet, and escaped uninjured.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, of New York, has reduced the price of board from five dollars a day to four dollars. The per centage off is quite magnanimous, but the discount don't come to our figures.

The recent sensational story of the abduction by two men of a well-known wealthy Boston lady, whom the villains pretended to be escorting to the U. S. Asylum for the Insane, is credited to the funny man of the New York Times.

William Mitchell, who stabbed Stephenson, of Philadelphia, like many others of his stripe of criminals endeavors to seek refuge behind whiskey as an excuse for the deed, alleging that they were both drunk, and that he did not intend to kill his victim. That sort of excuses don't "wash" well.

The dangers of the revolving swing are often illustrated by accidents. This time the victims are Miss Mary Pritchard, aged 19, and Abraham Lynch and Robert Deck, aged about 20, of Lonaconing, Md., who were thrown from a breaking swing. The first named had her neck broken and the last sustained severe concussion of the brain.

"Dr. Bacon, the troublesome temperance lecturer who has evinced so much hostility towards churches in general and made himself particularly obnoxious in various New York towns, has sued the Freedom (N. Y.) Union and Advertiser for calling him names.

Oscar Barring is alleged to have an eye for property as well as beauty. He has been arrested at Poughkeepsie by an officer from Rutland, Vt., on a charge of stealing two gold watches from two ladies of the latter place to whom it is said he was engaged to be married.

A new kind of importation is about to be inaugurated. Six reindeer are to be transported next fall from Lapland to Manitoba, where there is said to be great abundance of moss identical with that which is the chief food of the reindeer in the northern part of Europe.

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The Henizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that do not find room personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column mark them as sent: The Henizer.

SURVEYOR, La., has a deaf-mute barber.

The old Cincinnati Church for Deaf-Mutes has been closed for two months' vacation.

Miss Elsie D. Clapp, of the Minnesota Institution, is spending her vacation at her home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. McGrover, of Cincinnati, are spending a few days in Cleveland, O., guests of Rev. A. W. Main.

Rev. A. W. Main held two services at St. Ann's, New York, July 21st and 22nd. He returned home the 23rd.

To stand around in church before service concluding and laughing to the heart's content seems very far from being respectable and reverent.

Amos, the Cincinnati man who will attend the Columbus, O., teachers' convention at Prof. R. P. McGrover and wife, and Mr. J. S. M. Freeman.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Galland held a service for deaf-mutes in Harlem, N. Y., on Sunday afternoon, July 21st, and in Albany the following Sunday.

Prof. E. T. Hart, a teacher of the Western New York Institution at Rochester, is visiting his grandparents and friends in the vicinity of Cherry Valley, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Galland, Professor Vail and Rev. A. W. Main visited Rockaway Beach, near New York city, one day recently, and had most enjoyable time.

Some time ago Mr. Glas, who was one of the standing committee of the new Cincinnati Church for Deaf-Mutes, left Cincinnati for Indiana, to peddle. His son is a bootlegger by occupation.

On the 28th of July Mr. Bob H. King, a well-known deaf-mute insurance agent, on his way to his home in Lexington, Ky., stopped in Cincinnati for one day. He is one of the oldest graduates of the Kentucky Institution.

Mr. Clement R. Thompson, a graduate of the New York Institution High Class, has evaded the terrible heat of New York by going to Cherry Valley, N. Y., where he will stay at the Park Hotel till the middle of September next.

Rev. Moses G. Sheldon, pastor of the Methodist Church at Harvard, Ill., has been suspended for general and promiscuous kissing. He can probably get an engagement by applying to the Wisconsin State Board of Charities and Reform.

Many friends of Mr. Jesse L. K. Hoagland, a deaf-mute of Covington, Ky., will be pleased to learn that he has succeeded in getting a situation as a printer on the Covington Daily Commonwealth, just started. May success attend him in all his undertakings.

It is believed that the grandest and largest picnic ever held in the West recently took place at Bellevue House, Cincinnati, O. There were about 110 deaf-mutes, and the profits about all the expenses were about \$175. It was an unusual success, both in enjoyment, and financially.

Rev. John Chamberlain, assistant general manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, reached home from Europe on the 25th of July on the steamer Queen. His family will remain in London for some time. During his journey abroad Mr. Chamberlain visited the Paris Exposition.

There is a note at the almshouse on Blackwell's Island, N. Y., who once possessed means, but squandered it in a few short years in drink. He finds himself wrecked in more ways than one. His mind is affected by the dissipation of the past. His case is a warning for any one to let the cup alone.

One of the brutal and mean creatures of New York city is a colored deaf-mute man. He has been arrested and locked up time to time for drunkenness and wife beating. Although earning good wages at his occupation he has devoted them to the purchase of whiskey and beer instead of bread for his children.

Mr. James Sutton, a semi-mute, who won the gold medal for the championship of gymnastics, a few years ago, is residing in Cincinnati, O. He was a graduate of the Columbus, O., Institution, and a blacksmith by trade. It is believed that he is the only mute that has ever won the gold medal for the championship of gymnastics.

In company with Misses Middleton and Seymour Rev. A. W. Mann one day visited the New York city institutions, penal and charitable, on Randall's Island, opposite the city. On another day the same party made a visit to Blackwell's Island in the interests of the Flower Mission, and distributed baskets full of books among the sick and aged at the City Almshouse.

Mr. Barriack has resigned his position of manager of the new Cincinnati Church for Deaf-Mutes Society. Mr. Lane found it impossible to continue the society, owing to the steady decrease in the attendance of deaf-mutes, and the members resolved to break it up. Well, it will be good news for the deaf-mutes of Cincinnati and vicinity. It is hoped that Mr. Barriack will not be tempted to form another opposition society.

Miss Annie L. Barry, a very charming and accomplished deaf-mute lady of Baltimore, Md., who has been the guest of her intimate friend Mrs. H. C. McGrover, of New York, Ky., for three weeks, has left for St. Louis, Mo., to visit her relatives for two or three weeks when she intends to go to Columbus, O., to attend the convention of teachers. She is one of the teachers of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Frederick.

Twenty-fifth anniversary of the Deaf-Mute Institute of Rotterdam, Holland, was celebrated on the 6th of June. The president on opening the festivities, made an eloquent address, which affected many present. He eulogized the officers warmly, and particularly Mr. Hirsch, the director and principle teacher, who was the recipient of many a souvenir. After 9 o'clock tableaux vivants were offered in the school building, where the history of the institution was allegorically enacted. In the fourth tableaux Minerva presented laurel wreaths, which were given to Messrs. Hirsch, Symons and Professor Polano.

By a royal decree, Mr. A. Symons was nominated Knight of the Order of the Netherlands Lion. Mr. Symons is also Secretary of the Institute for teaching deaf-mutes at Rotterdam.

A most singular wedding took place in St. Mary's Gate Chapel some time since, the bride and bridegroom, (Mr. Alfred Walker and Miss Bennett), being both deaf and dumb. The marriage ceremony was conducted in the sign and finger language by Mr. W. B. Roe, of the Derbyshire Deaf and Dumb Association. The whole of the questions were put and answered in the sign language, not a word being spoken during the whole of the ceremony. The bride wore a dress of brown silk, and wreath of jessamine and tulips. Considerable interest was manifested by the public, there being between three and four hundred persons present in the chapel. At the close of the ceremony Mr. Roe delivered a brief address in the sign-language, and on behalf of the Derby mutes, several of whom were present, presented to the newly-married couple a analogous writing-desk, and a silver tea-pot from the

work-people in the establishment where the bridegroom is employed. As the party left the chapel they met with a shower of rice, and we are sure, left with the sincere well-wishes of the people for their future happiness.—Derby Gazette.

The mother of a little mute girl says: "One of the pupils of the Rochester Institution for Deaf-Mutes, who is now at home for the summer vacation, had a little birthday party the other day. A dozen little girls of about her own age, were present. They decorated her with wreaths and flowers and gave her several beautiful presents. The girls can nearly all converse with her by the manual alphabet. (They learned the letters from the cards I got of you.) They had a swing, and set the table out under the shade trees in the yard, and a happier group of children I never saw, and one seemed to be the happiest of them all. They all said they had a nice time."

Mr. John Vanderford, a graduate of the Indiana Institution, was drowned in Chicago on the evening of July 20th. He and a fellow-employee at the cabinet and upholstering shop where he worked went to the foot of Michigan street to bathe in Ogden Slip—a slip running out into Lake Michigan. Mr. Vanderford was a tolerably expert swimmer. He swam across the slip; but in returning he was seized with cramps, and before assistance could reach him he sank to rise no more. His companion endeavored to rescue him, but could not do so; for, instead of coming to the surface again two or three times as is usual with drowning persons, he sank only once and remained under the surface of the water, so that he could not be found. The police were at once notified and immediate search was instituted.

The clothing was taken to the Chicago Avenue Police Station. It was not until the evening of the 22d that his death was known to any of the deaf-mutes in the city. Mr. Vanderford had been in the city only a month, and consequently had but few acquaintances outside of the circle of deaf-mutes. It was rather unfortunate that no deaf-mutes were with him at the time he was drowned. The police continued grappling for the body until it was found, at 11:30 p. m., on the 23d. The body was taken to the Morgue to await identification. On the 24th inst. a number of deaf-mutes viewed the body, but beyond the general outline, hair and mustache there was nothing by which they could identify him. The body was fearfully bloated, and the features were so distorted and discolored that recognition was impossible. None of the mutes knew where his parents lived, and considerable difficulty was experienced in finding out their residence until one of them fortunately got hold of a letter from his home. His parents were then immediately notified. The body will be taken to his home in Noble county, Ind. Mr. Vanderford was a large, finely-developed young man, 21 years of age. He had many friends among the deaf-mutes of Chicago, and his sudden death of course filled them with sorrow. He had but recently joined the Deaf-Mute Society.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. SERVICES IN AUGUST.

Sunday, the 11th, St. Ann's New York, 3:30 p. m.—Rev. John Chamberlain; St. Mary's, Brooklyn, 3 p. m.—Mr. James S. Wells; St. Paul's, Boston, 3 p. m.—Mr. Job Turner; Bethesda, Saratoga Springs, 3 p. m.—Rev. Dr. Galland.

Sunday, the 18th, St. Ann's New York, 3:30 p. m.—Rev. Mr. Chamberlain; St. Andrew's, Harlem, 4 p. m.—Mr. James S. Wells.

Sunday, the 25th, St. Ann's New York, 3:30 p. m.—Rev. Mr. Chamberlain; Christ Church, Williamsburg, 3 p. m.—Mr. James S. Wells.

PICNIC NOTICE.

The Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club will hold its first annual picnic on the grounds of our well-known and venerable deaf-mute friend Mr. Garriett Vandenberg, at Crescent, N. Y., August 14th, 1878. If it should rain on that day the picnic will be postponed till the following day. The Troy and Schenectady Railroad trains will run from the Union Depot, Troy, at 8 a. m. and 12:20 p. m., sharp, returning from Crescent at 8:30 p. m., sharp. The fare is only 24 cents a round trip. Welcome to all. Will Miss E. D. Clapp, of Brooklyn, come and see her old Bible-class at the picnic grounds? For farther particulars concerning the picnic inquire of W. T. Collins, Bleecker Avenue, Troy, N. Y.

INSTANTLY KILLED.

A Young Man, Deaf and Dumb, Run Over on the Grand Junction Railroad—An Inquest Ordered.

(Boston Herald, Aug. 2, 1878.)

Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock Frank Herbert Drew, aged 21 years, only son of Alfred R. Drew, attached to the office of the Boston Chief of Police, was instantly killed by being run over by a locomotive on the Grand Junction Railroad at Sidney street, Cambridgeport. The unfortunate young man, who was deaf and dumb, was employed at the barrel manufactory of Juyne & Co., which is situated near the railroad. He had just stepped from the door of the manufactory upon the track, when he fell under the wheels of the engine, which at the time was backing up, he being struck by the tender of the locomotive. About one-half of the head was cut off, one foot nearly severed from the ankle, and the body more or less bruised. Death must have been instantaneous. The remains were removed to the rooms of Roland Litchfield, undertaker, on Main street, and the sad intelligence conveyed by telegraph to the father, who was on duty in Boston. In the absence of Dr. Hildreth, Medical Examiner Hosmer, of Watertown, viewed the body, and an inquest will be ordered.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or village stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them." Rev. —, Washington, D. C.

Local Paragraphs.

People are stocking their coal bins. J. D. Hartson is a little improved.

Green corn has appeared in our markets.

E. E. Radison, of Parish, was recently in town.

A heavy shower occurred here this (Tuesday) morning.

Hon. L. D. Smith has recovered from his late accident.

George Butler has returned from his absence, on vacation.

Tramps have been quite numerous during the last few days.

Albin Meyer, of Syracuse, was in town last Monday.

William Hall's barber shop has recently been re-shingled.

Miss Rosabelle Myers is visiting her parents in this town.

Dr. D. T. Whyborn, of Cleveland, N. Y., was recently in town.

William Hall, barber, has a new assistant and also an apprentice.

Mrs. James Larkin and Elta have returned from their visit at Rome.

Two of the children of Will Everts are quite sick with scarlet fever.

Mrs. E. L. Huntington and Edith spent a few days at Colosse last week.

Mrs. Homer M. Ames and children have lately been camping at Mexico Point.

Blackberries are said to be a good crop, and they are selling at four cents a quart.

The Oswego County Greenback Convention will be held in this village, Thursday, August 15th.

Some of the friends of Mr. Cyrus Allen, of Colosse, met at his house to-day to celebrate his 82d birthday.

The Band of Hope of this village made an excursion to Mexico Point last Thursday for a picnic, and enjoyed a very good time.

Rev. W. F. Homenway has gone to Clifton Springs to stay a week or two for the benefit of his health, which has been poor for some time past.

The Helicon Band went to the house of Hon. D. W. C. Peck, last Friday night, and serenaded Rev. J. P. Stratton and family, who were visiting at Mr. Peck's.

Rev. J. P. Stratton, wife and children, of Crawfordville, Ind., formerly of this village, are spending a few weeks' vacation among their friends here.

After several showers around us a moderate rain reached us last Monday night, accompanied by much thunder and a great amount of sharp lightning.

Rev. A. L. York preached two good sermons at the M. E. Church last Sunday morning and evening, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. F. Homenway.

Calvin Allen, lately of Florida, is visiting his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Allen, of Colosse. Mrs. Allen is still in Florida, but is expected north in a few days.

W. O. Johnson, who has been in New York undergoing a surgical operation, arrived home last Friday morning, feeling quite comfortable, having improved faster than was expected.

John C. Devereux, of Utica, State Commissioner of Charities, visited the Oswego County Insane Asylum and Poor-house last week. He expressed the opinion that the buildings are very suitable and well-ordered.

The M. E. Church society is beginning to agitate the subject of a Sunday-school picnic at Mexico Point, and the children are anxious to have it come off before long. We hear that it has been decided to hold the picnic on Wednesday, August 14th.

Mr. George H. Wheeler, one of Mexico's boys, and now in business at Hubbardston, Mich., arrived in town last Friday for a short visit among his friends. Mrs. Wheeler, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Penfield, has been visiting friends in this town for the past few weeks.

An itinerant repairer of umbrellas got drunk one day last week and produced considerable commotion by frightening women and children. He was arrested, locked up and kept till morning, when he was arraigned before Justice Cole, on a charge of having been drunk and disorderly. The judge sent him to jail for twenty days.

Some unknown person or persons gained an entrance into the railroad ticket office by breaking one of the windows, one night last week, and forced open a drawer containing tickets, probably expecting to find money, in which they were mistaken, but the tickets were found the next morning scattered around in disorder on the floor, and whether any were taken or not is not yet known.

Mr. Sparrow Crosby, who was injured by a fall a few days since, died last Friday, and his funeral, conducted by Rev. J. H. McGahan, pastor of the Baptist Church of this village, was held at 2 p. m. Monday, August 5th, at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Ames Thomas, where he recently resided. There was a good attendance at the services, and much sympathy is felt for the relatives of the deceased, it having been but a few months since they were called to mourn Mrs. Crosby's death. Mr. Crosby was a man of high respectability, of a genial disposition and will be greatly missed in our village.

EDISON'S "EAR TELESCOPE."

THE BELIEF THAT THE INVENTOR IS PERFECTING FOR THE DEAF.

Conversation Carried on with Ease Between Persons Two Miles Apart—A New Device that will Enable Doctors to Detect Disease.

(From the New York Sun.)

Upon his latest discovery, which he hopes to utilize principally for the deaf, Edison has not given much thought for a few days. He has had something else in mind. An unusually large number of persons called on him at his laboratory in Menlo Park yesterday, and they found him very busy upon experiments with carbon. His hands were as black as soot and there were smudges of grime all over his face. With an alcohol flame, into which he thrust little tin plates, he converted different substances into carbon, and then tested the resistance and heat, detecting the power of each kind of carbon with the galvanometer.

On one side of him a workman talked nursery rhymes into a phonograph as a matter of business, for the tin-foil record is to be used for a toy phonograph, large quantities of which are wanted for the trade as soon as they can be perfected. These will be sold for two or three dollars each, and will repeat "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "Jack and Jill," "Yankee Doodle," whistled, and a nursery hymn sung.

Edison looked very tired yesterday, and said that he was, but he was feeling very happy at the success of an experiment with the carbon telephone the night before. He had fixed up his fine telephone at the end of the laboratory, and Mr. Bachelor, his assistant, held the other end of the wire in his house, a quarter of a mile away, but there was a resistance of a hundred miles in the wire. That is the effect was the same had Mr. Bachelor been in Baltimore, and Edison in Menlo Park.

Without any funnel to concentrate the tone, Edison said:

"Now, Bachelor, I am going to walk to the end of the room and talk to you."

Mr. Bachelor heard him as plainly as did Mr. Griffin, who stood by Edison. He also heard Edison walk across the room. Then Edison in his ordinary tone said something. The telephone caught it up 150 feet away and sent it through 100 miles with perfect distinctness to Bachelor.

"That was the most perfect piece of work ever done with the telephone," said Edison yesterday.

Lenning against the table that supports the telephone were two immense funnel-shaped things that looked like confectioners' cornucopias, big enough to hold a ten-year-old boy.

"These," said Edison, "are what I made my experiments with for the megaphone. I see some of the papers speak of it as a telephophone. That isn't the name. I guess Redpath, who saw me experimenting with it, called it that by way of a joke. That's a megaphone—great sounder—but it isn't done yet. I've got the principle, though. See here." And Edison lifted one of the great pasteboard funnels so that the large end rested on the table. "Now, put your ear to that," he added, pointing to the little end. "You hear things outside plainer than you did before."

Indeed it was so, and so plainly as to torment the ear.

"But that one is no good," he said, "for this purpose. This is the one, and I have got the principle in it that I was looking for."

He tossed aside the biggest funnel, and took up one somewhat smaller. It was made of thick cardboard, bound with iron hoops like a barrel.

"That's about all there is to it," he said.

"But what is it going to do?" the reporter asked.

"Well, I wanted some simple, convenient thing that deaf people could use in a theatre, church or anywhere. I had an idea that I could, if I could get at just the right means for catching the vibrations of air that produce sound, I could carry them into a little box or chest, that might rest in a man's lap as he sat. From that chest tubes might run concealed in his clothing to his ears. The point was to find out just how to catch the sound vibrations."

Then Edison got on the table, and swinging his feet, began to tell how he first reasoned out his theory, and then experimented to prove its truth.

Mr. Griffin, his old-time fellow-operator, friend, and recently engaged assistant, says that the narration simply illustrated the mental operations and subsequent investigations that he had led to all his inventions.

"You see, sound is produced like light," Edison went on, "by vibrations. Well, what do you do when you want to get light from a distant object, or if your eyesight is bad, to see clearly something near? Why, you make such aids to the eye as will catch and carry to the eye the vibrations of light. When you have done this you see clearly. Well, now it struck me that you'd got to treat the ear in the same way, when anybody's deaf or wants to hear something away off. But the telescope isn't good for much unless the object glass just catches and focuses the light in just at the proper angle. What we want for the ear, then, on the same principle, is an instrument the line of whose angle is exactly right. Then you are going to get your sound vibrations, because they will be caught and focused. The fact is, I'd got to get an ear telescope. Then we made that one," pointing to the big funnel, "but it wasn't right. It wouldn't work. Then we made the other one."

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

VARNISHING OVER AN OLD SUBJECT.

BLACKSTONE, MASS., July 25, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I was requested to write for your valuable paper something about the deaf-mutes who live around here. I have a few leisure hours each day, which I usually devote to writing, or some other exercise, and, feeling in the humor, I have sat down to present a few of my ideas on the subject, as they occur to me at the present moment; but, first, I am reminded of the way the school-boys sit down to write his composition, thinking that he can choose his subject, invent, select, and arrange his ideas and write a good composition at one sitting. He would not think of devoting more time than that to it, and, of course, you know the consequent result. There is nothing in the world to be acquired without exertion, and the extent of the exertion determines the result.

It is all very well to hear of some great man writing a brilliant speech or an essay in a short space of time, but we will find that the doctrines and ideas therein contained are the results of the thought and reflection of a lifetime. But never was I so much struck with the truth of this as I was a short time ago, when, happening to attend an entertainment, among other things, I witnessed a very fine exhibition of dancing, to see how graceful they would perform every motion, and every tap of their feet would be in exact time with the music, but some time ago I chanced to witness a few young men taking their first lessons in the art, and I soon found that those easy, graceful movements, which seemed to me so simple, were the results of long, arduous and constant practice. To see them at the first trial, how ridiculous they appeared, so awkwardly did they perform, and even after many days of practice they were very little better.

Last Sunday Mr. Slocum, a deaf-mute, and I called on Mr. Aldrich and found him engaged at drawing into the stable a farm wagon loaded with hay, for he feared it would rain. We were greatly welcomed, and he showed us some books about farming. His mind is full of farming ideas. One of the deaf-mutes began to lecture by stating that, in order to form an idea of the importance of protecting ourselves against the vice of intemperance, we had only to look at the utter abhorrence with which the ancients viewed it. The speaker then enumerated the customs of the Romans, Lacedaemonians, and Spartans, who prohibited the drunkard from holding office, and instructed their children to throw stones at them and to look at them as the most despicable of creatures. God has endowed man with reason, free will, and affection; and no matter how wicked he became, even if he was as wicked as Lucifer, he retained those faculties so long as he was temperate; but there was one vice, and only one, which robbed man of those faculties and lowered him beneath the level of the beast, and that vice was intemperance. See the drunkard as he comes from a saloon, reeling drunk, and blaspheming the God that made him; and all this substituting the love and respect which man should pay to his Creator, who, not satisfied with creating and stamping us with his image, came down from heaven, and, taking upon himself human nature, made us his brother. How many times was that nature debased? How many times did man commit the most heinous crimes through the vice of intemperance? It was in one of our neighboring towns, only lately, that a man committed the crime of murder. When brought before the court, his counsel put in the plea that the defendant was drunk when he committed the crime, which fully illustrated the fact that man when drunk has no control over his passions, and breaks all the laws of God and man. On the other hand, look at the drunken son who, squandering his money, deprives his aged father and mother of their support, and leaves them heart-broken, to die in the poor-house. The lecturer occupied about an hour, and was listened to with the keenest interest.

We are informed, on good authority, that Mr. Charles W. Mowry, a wealthy deaf-mute farmer, owner of a great deal of land. He has a good family. He takes the JOURNAL, and will always be glad to let any read it who desires to. I suppose he has a deaf-mute sister who has committed all the sayings of St. Paul to heart.

Mr. J. C. Skyles, a deaf-mute, is generally thought to be half crazy. He once met his friend and told him that he was glad that the vacation days would be over soon, for he hoped to go to the Hartford school next fall. Being asked how old he was, he said he was 12 years old. He is 31 years old, and graduated from Hartford eight years ago.

Mr. Fred Smith, a semi-mute, contemplates entering the Washington college next fall. J. T. D.

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.

THE IOWA INSTITUTION.

In the days when "Grangerism" flourished the Iowa legislators ran the State into debt beyond the constitutional limit. The last legislature consequently cut down appropriations to public institutions, thereby saving enough to rectify the blunders. As a result the salaries paid at the deaf-mute institution at Council Bluffs were so far reduced that Superintendent Talbot and two of the teachers have resigned, and there is a prospect of two more going. The two who have resigned are Miss Israel and Miss Brown, both excellent teachers. They have accepted positions in the Kansas Institution.

On the retirement of Mr. Talbot, the teachers and officers made him a present of a gold watch-chain as a testimonial, and he is well worthy of it, having been a most active and efficient superintendent for sixteen years. The new trustees now understand, what they did not at first, that the legislature made a sad mistake, and it will require two years for the next legislature to meet and apply the remedy. Present teachers must possess their souls in patience. The ways of legislators and congressmen are wonderful.

E. B.

A FAREWELL SERVICE.

On Wednesday evening Poplar Grove Congregation assembled to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott Hutton, who expect to leave for Belfast, Ireland, on Tuesday. Rev. A. Simpson, Pastor, presided, and, after devotional exercises and a few introductory remarks, called on Rev. Dr. McGregor who read an address to Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, and on behalf of the congregation presented them with a very handsome silver Tea Service. Reference was made in the address and in Dr. McGregor's remarks to the twenty-one years, of Mr. Hutton's residence in Halifax and his connection with the congregation first as a member and then, for eight years, as an elder. The deepest regret was expressed at the loss which the congregation and the community must sustain by the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Hutton. Mr. Hutton responded very feelingly, acknowledging with grateful surprise these tokens of kindness. Remarks expressive of appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Hutton were made by Mr. John S. Maclean, who had been associated with him in Poplar Grove Church prior to the establishing of Fort Murray Church. Mr. Pitblado, and Mr. Murray, from Chalmers Church, were present and expressed their profound sense of the valuable services rendered to the community by Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, and their sympathy with the congregation in their loss. Several members of the congregation gave utterance to the general feeling. The proceedings closed with solemn prayer for the blessing of God on those who are to go away and those who remain.

The proceedings of the evening reflect honor on Poplar Grove congregation for their appreciation of Mr. Hutton, and on Mr. Hutton for having righteously won for himself so much affection and esteem. Mr. Hutton, Sen. died an elder of Poplar Grove Church, leaving behind a memory that "blooms sweet and blossoms in the dust." We had hoped that his son would have spent his life amongst us, especially as he had declined several tempting offers to other places. However, it is determined otherwise, and we can only wish him much happiness and usefulness in his new sphere. As a member of the community, and of the church, as an educationist, as a scholar and a friend, it may be long ere we see his like again.—Halifax, N. S., Presbyterian Witness, July 20, 1878.

FROM WESTERN NEW YORK.

WYOMING, N. Y., July 21, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I send you an article I clipped from the Arcade Leader. I would like to have you publish it in your paper. The principal of the Western New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, wrote to me saying this article was a very correct account, and he hoped I would be able to have it copied in our local paper. I have asked the editor of the Western New Yorker to print it, and I also send it to you, hoping you will see fit to copy it.

I like very much to read the JOURNAL. It always comes in clear, good type, and scarcely ever has a typographical error. It is a bright, pleasant paper to the eye, and I often remark what a cheerful tone the deaf-mute correspondents all exhibit. Education is more necessary for the poor deaf child than for those who hear, and to see how much the little ones mentioned in this article, have improved in the short time they have been at school is simply astonishing. It truly furnishes the brightest ray of hope for the future of the unfortunate silent child to the parents who have, heretofore, so severely felt that the Lord laid his hand heavily on the child. No one but the parents of such children can realize the awful feelings of a parent for a deaf child; but when we see them talking, writing and reading, so much like other children, it removes a great share of the sadness. Miss J. S. MILLER.

RASPBERRY JAM.—The fruit being passed through a cane or copper sieve, and reduced by boiling about a quarter of an hour, add the sugar pound and small; to every pound of the original weight add three-quarters of a pound of good loaf sugar, continue boiling and stirring it till it will set on a plate; the sharper it boils the better the quality and color. In known quantities these jams could be boiled to time, but not otherwise.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—Our co-laborer at the West, the Rev. A. W. Mann, has recently made us a pleasant visit. He officiated at the 3:30 Sunday P. M. services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, on the 21st and 28th of July, enabling me to conduct the monthly service at St. Andrew's, Harlem and the quarterly service at St. Paul's, Albany.

On Monday, July 22d, Rev. Mr. Mann, Mr. S. J. Vail, of Indianapolis, my wife and I took an excursion by the steamboat Columbia to Rockaway Beach, and were benefited in various ways.

On Wednesday, July 31st, at 8 P. M. the quarterly meeting of the trustees was held in St. Ann's Church. Messrs. Usher, Schutt, Holmes, Fitzgerald and Fersenheim were present. The General Manager, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lewis were ready with their reports. Miss Jane Middleton, the Matron of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, had sent in her quarterly statement, but as it required seven trustees to make a quorum, no meeting was held. Most of the information contained in the reports has already appeared in the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain gave some incidents of his trip to Europe. He returned on Monday, July 29th, leaving his family in London.

While in Albany, last Sunday, I had several interesting conversations with Mr. Job Turner, who had just returned from his southern trip. I trust that God will guide him to the field where he can be most useful and give him the means necessary for his support.

Hoping that the subscription list of the JOURNAL is steadily increasing, I am Yours sincerely,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.

A Seven Thousand Mile Trip.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—Permit me to blow out my brains with a few words about my southern mission work, before I, next Monday, start from this charming little village, where my brief sojourn has been made very pleasant by the proprietor of the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL and his dignified lady, since last Monday.

It seems proper that I should not leave here without communicating the above-mentioned subject to you for your paper.

I entered upon my intended work at Boston, about the middle of November last, with the clear understanding that I should be absent in the South for four months; and my failure to return as early as at first expected was owing to the extensive field traversed and the calls made on me. In the course of the tour, I visited the deaf-mute institutions in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Kansas, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. To my great regret I could not find time to go to other institutions, but I hope I shall have that pleasure before long.

The total number of services held in the institutions and churches was about sixty; number of deaf-mutes met and conversed with about four thousand; and the number of miles traveled during this visitation about seven thousand.

I wish I could give you many biographical sketches about prominent southern mutes, in this letter, but I must ask your patience in waiting until I can find time to do so.

I cannot help wishing to let you know that my heart has been greatly refreshed to realize that the word of Life has been gladly and attentively received. Truly the harvest is great, and may the Lord of the harvest grant that the laborers may be strong and efficient in the field now opened, that indeed the deaf may hear and the dumb speak of the great things the Lord has done for them.

It is with heartfelt gratitude that, in reverence, I turn to the Great Head of the church, in acknowledgement of the encouragement in the services performed, which my prayer is may reward to His great glory and honor.

I will take occasion to express my sincere thanks for the great kindness and hospitality shown me everywhere. May He who hath said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" richly reward and bless this and the life to come all who have been so kindly disposed to aid and advance the great work in the silent world.

I cannot close without thanking most kindly the bishops and clergy who, by Providential direction, it has been my privilege to be thrown into company with, for their Christian courtesy, and for the facilities afforded in the discharge of the sacred duty assigned me.

Praying that our Father's blessing may abide with our valued friend Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, the general manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, and the good work which has so long claimed his arduous labors and still elicits his devotion, may his life long be spared to serve as its master spirit. I am with great sincerity yours,

Job TURNER.

Mexico, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1878.

Mr. Washington H. Monroe, of Catskill, Greene County, N. Y., will tell you how Favorite Remedy cured him of the gravel, and give names of others cured by this medicine. See Dr. Kennedy's advertisement.

Crop reports from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky indicate that there is not only a greater acreage of wheat than in any former year, but that the average production is larger than ever.

ARGUING IN FAVOR OF DEAF-MUTE TEACHERS AND PRINCIPALS.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I have read with interest and attention Mr. P. A. Emery's letter to President Gallaudet. He but gave expression to what has been the burden of many a complaint and what has long been the opinion of the silent world. There is plainly a prejudice or a steady opposition among principals and teachers against employing the deaf to teach the deaf, arising in some instances from an ignorance of the capabilities of deaf-mutes, in others from gross favoritism of their own friends and from a feeling of preference to those who can hear and talk; for what principal would like to have a whole corps of deaf teachers around him?

Who so well fitted by nature and experience to teach the deaf and dumb as one affected like themselves, having the sympathy which a common misfortune implants in their bosoms? It does seem as though the principals, with whom lies the choice of teachers, have little or no thought to spare for those under their charge, not caring whether the teachers are fit for their positions or not as long as they don't make disagreeable demands for higher pay for skilled labor. In proof of this, look at those institutions where lady teachers have been preferred to men. With all honor to the sex, for I don't deny their good influence and efficiency, it is right to choose them to the exclusion of men, merely on account of their cheapness? In one institution, there are men who have grown old in its service, who should be pensioned off, or who should give way to younger and more active men, now that their mental activity is deserting them, and while they are standing with one foot in the grave. If a principal could see the curses, not loud but deep, which half-educated deaf-mutes call upon the heads of those teachers whose ignorance of them and whose inefficiency have made them what they are, he would feel more keenly his sense of responsibility.

It is true that a class taught by a deaf-mute of small capacity, with but a limited command of language, rarely turns out very bright or clever pupils, but I do claim that a well-educated deaf-mute, possessed of a sufficient stock of words at his finger ends, can work wonders with his class. I know several instances of this kind and the principals probably know many more. Nor is this all. I claim even a higher sphere of usefulness for a deaf-mute of intelligence and capability, viz: that from his experience with his own class of people, and his ability acquired from a fellow-feeling, to understand their wants or feelings, to be the principal of an institution. What I ask, are the reasons, why a deaf-mute should be debarred from holding so responsible a position? Does a person lose his brains with his sense of hearing? I am not ignorant that there have been a few cases where deaf-mute principals have been found unworthy of their high trust; but are all men alike? Or is it right to judge a whole class by one or two men? And have there not been hearing and speaking principals found to abuse their positions, to the injury of pupils and the institution? Indeed, we have a recent case of this profligate breach of trust. Besides, in a certain western institution, the pupils have risen up in rebellion, several times, against the principal, who had rendered himself unpopular by his management. His ill-management must have been owing to his ignorance of the temper and character of the deaf-mutes under his rule. Now if an intelligent deaf-mute had been the principal, would it be likely that a rising would have taken place? I rather think not; for, aside from his knowledge and experience of deaf-mutes, the pupils would have had more respect and affection for one affected like themselves by misfortune. Put a deaf-mute, of more than ordinary intelligence, good morals and high principle, at the head of an institution and, all other things being equal, I doubt not that in a few years there would be a great change in public opinion as to the capabilities of deaf-mutes.

There are not a few instances where deaf-mutes have won their way to high responsible positions, through the barrier of ignorant prejudice, and the time will come when the mental powers of deaf-mutes will be better recognized. It has sometimes been argued that the sense of hearing is necessary to a principal in his business transactions. This is a weak argument, for has he not the steward, the clerk, and other subordinates to help him? Besides, nowadays almost everybody in this country can read or write, and none is in so great a hurry but that he can afford to give a few minutes to writing.

A DEAF-MUTE.

A List of Deaf-Mute Cincinnatians Abroad.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Owing to the recent hot weather many deaf-mutes of this city, had to flee to the country in search of cooler climates. I herewith send you a list of those who went to the country the past week: Miss Lucy M. Cook went to Hartwell, Q.; Mrs. J. H. Vance to Moscow, O., and is the guest of Mr. J. C. Barkley, also a deaf-mute; Mr. R. P. McGregor to Sandusky, O., and its surroundings; Mrs. R. P. McGregor to Cleveland, O., and is the guest of the wife of Rev. A. W. Mann; Misses Morin and Wolski to Clermont county, O.

It is said that more deaf-mutes will go into the country this week. I will furnish you the names of deaf-mutes who leave Cincinnati every week if possible. Yours respectfully,

A REPORTER.

A PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—We are in the midst of the warmest season of the year, when fans and ice water are in constant demand, and also when "skeeters" are a nuisance, while you are reposing peacefully in the arms of Morpheus. During this sultry season entertainments, or rather home amusements, are rarely thought of by pleasure-seekers. So we had the good fortune to give a private entertainment, Wednesday evening, July 10th, to a few personal friends and acquaintances at the residence of our friend Mr. Marcus Kerr, the well-known artist of Michigan. It was under the management of Mr. Kerr and Mr. William Gibney, who suggested it. They were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blood and Miss A. H. Freeman. The following is the programme of the evening:

1. TABLEAU—Sunrise and Sunset. Misses Polly and Effie Jewell and A. H. Freeman.
2. PANTOMIME—Kulrux. Thrilling Scene. A head cut off on a stand. Mr. Kerr and Wm. Blood.
3. TABLEAU—A treat at the bar. Messrs. Kerr, Borden and Blood.
4. TABLEAU—Luxury and wretchedness. Two scenes of home life. 1. Luxury. Mr. Kerr, Mrs. Blood and Effie Jewell. 2. Wretchedness. Mr. Blood, Miss Freeman and Polly Jewell.
5. PANTOMIME—A hard pull. Messrs. Kerr, Gibney, Borden and Blood.
6. TABLEAU—Aquila. Misses Effie Jewell and Kate Innis, Messrs. Kerr and Gibney.
7. PANTOMIME—Unexpected visit from "Old Harry," in a tub of red fire. William Gibney.
8. TABLEAU—Indian Treachery. Misses Effie Jewell and R. Innis, Messrs. Kerr and Gibney.
9. PANTOMIME—Monday Morning. Allie Freeman, Katie Innis, Polly Jewell and Mr. Jay Borden.
10. TABLEAU—A lawsuit, or our pet cow "Lone." Messrs. Kerr, Borden, Blood and our brindle cow.
11. TABLEAU—A broad hint. Messrs. Borden and Gibney, Misses Effie Jewell and Katie Innis.

As it was very hurriedly gotten up, we had no time to make all necessary preparations, or have any rehearsals, but it was a success. Some of the tableaux were very pretty and impressive, especially "Sunrise and Sunset," "Aquila," and "Indian Treachery." "A treat at the bar" was also very good, and represented temperance and intemperance to the best advantage.

"Monday Morning" was rather amusing and represented the old woman washing the clothes and scolding the old man, who was bringing her water in the pail. The oldest daughter was churning, and the youngest child was coaxing sister for some buttermilk, who, to favor her sister, took off the cover and was in the act of pouring out the buttermilk from the churn when out jumped the large gray cat, to the disgust of the little one and infinite merriment of the audience. Most of your readers have doubtless read the story of two men who got into a dispute about the possession of a cow, and called upon a lawyer to settle the difficulty. The "Lawsuit," or our pet cow "Lone," represented that story. The cow was actually brought into the room. At the lawyers' suggestion the men were trying to divide the cow between them. Mr. Blood held the horns and Mr. Borden the tail of the cow, while Mr. Kerr (the lawyer) was placidly milking her. We could hardly realize the fact that it was really a cow, but it was true. She was standing still, chewing her cud, unmindful of the dispute that was going on. Mr. Kerr had told his wife at supper that she must make no comments about the last scene, and, not suspecting anything, she promised not to. So Mr. Kerr escaped being scolded for bringing such an unwelcome visitor into the house.

Every one present enjoyed the entertainment, which lasted about two hours. JACKSON, Mich., July 30, 1878.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The next meeting of this society is to be held in my native place, Henniker, N. H., August 31st and Sept. 1st, 1878. All New Hampshire mutes, and those out of this State, are cordially invited to attend. No pains will be spared to make it a pleasant occasion.

Particulars will be published in the next issue of the JOURNAL, in regard to hotel and railroad arrangements. If possible half rates will be obtained. THOMAS BROWN, Chairman.

West Henniker, N. H., Aug. 4, 1878.

NOT REPLYING TO ANONYMOUS WRITERS' ARTICLES.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Aug. 2, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Your paper of yesterday has an article, "Is the Postponement Right?" by some unknown correspondent, evidently an instructor. As to making any reply thereto, I beg leave to say that if any is desired the writer's name must appear in order that should a reply be necessary, I may treat it with becoming intelligence and the writer thereof with due respect, as is my intention, otherwise I shall be obliged to leave all anonymous communications, which appear in the JOURNAL, on that subject, to be perused alone by the writers thereof. Respectfully yours,

JOHN T. TILLINGHAUST, Pres't N. E. G. Association.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Mash the fruit; squeeze the juice from them through a cloth or flannel jelly bag, and allow one pound of sifted sugar to every pint of juice. Boil together for twenty minutes, skimming well; fill your glasses, set away for a day, then cover and paste up.

Incidents of Prof. Job Turner's Journey from Rappahannock, Va., to Mexico, N. Y.

Mexico, Aug. 5, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—Having spent about a week with my dear sons, I bade adieu to Rappahannock, Va., on the 17th ult. and took the cars for Arcola, Va., with my youngest son, where my lamented wife was born and raised in the shade of the old home of President Monroe, and on what is called the Braddock turnpike, along which the British general marched with General Washington against the French and Indians, at Fort Duquesne, the place where Pittsburg, Pa., now stands.

Your readers, most of them, may recollect that General Washington had several bullets pass through his coat, without hurting him, in that battle. Long ago, we passed in full sight of the grave of General Braddock, not far from the battlefield.

At Arcola I passed but two days, visiting the relatives and friends of my deceased wife. In Fauquier county, Va., I called on my dear old pupil, Miss Ida L. Dowell, who is on the verge of womanhood. Leaving there on the 20th ult., I happily met my old classmate, Mr. John W. Compton, immediately on my arrival in Washington, but had to part with him and go to Baltimore, in about one hour.

I held a service in Grace Chapel, Baltimore, the next day, the 21st ult., in the presence of a good-sized audience. There I had the pleasure of seeing my old pupil, Mr. Moyle, also Mr. Joseph H. Linton, Mrs. Morgan and others.

Mr. Moyle, a graduate of the Virginia Institution, earns a comfortable livelihood as a tailor, despite the hard times. I shall always think well of him as a good and obedient pupil in the institution.

Mr. Joseph H. Linton is a good-looking gentleman at leisure, and his brother attends to his business for him. He gave me a very fine ride to Druid Park, which, next to Central Park, is the most beautiful in the union.

On Monday, the 22d, a business call took me to the capitol city, for one day, during which time I made several calls. I called on Mr. Compton at the General Post-Office Department, where he is employed as a clerk. I had a very pleasant conversation with him, in which he said his lady, who had been so long separated from him by sickness, would live with him there again next fall. May the reunion be long and happy. God bless them both with happiness for many long years.

I next made a call on Mr. Charles W. B. Strong, a clerk at the Treasury Department. He has many respectable connections. Highly pleased with his frank reception, I found him a nice gentleman. He said his wife was making preparations to go into the country for several weeks' recreation. He is employed in one of the most important money offices in the department. His long connection with that department shows that he has the entire confidence of those who control it.

I ended my way to the Patent Office to see Mr. Parkinson, whom I found in apparently good health and spirits. I talked with him a few minutes. He is Chief Examiner in the Patent Office, with a handsome salary.

I next dropped in to see Professor Isaac H. Benedict, a book-keeper in the United States Treasury Department. His only daughter, last July, delivered an essay on "Silent Language," at the annual exhibition of what I think a private female seminary. I think it would be worth publishing in the JOURNAL.

On the 23d ult. I became the guest of Rev. H. W. Syle, in Philadelphia, and remained with him till the 27th. We had a nice picnic at Brandywine, near Wilmington, Del. We spent the day very pleasantly, in the same place where General Lafayette, the bosom companion of General Washington, was wounded in battle. There I made the acquaintance of several deaf-mutes, among whom were Mr. Jacob Erringer and his lady, who said they were once under the instruction of Laurent Clerc when he was temporarily principal of the Philadelphia Institution, which was then in its infancy.

On Sunday morning, the 28th, I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in Albany, whose service a good number of deaf-mutes from Troy attended. My friend John T. Southwick entertained me as a guest, at his house. There I came in contact with his brother, Edwin, and his wife, both deaf-mutes. The latter gentleman is a teacher in the Iowa Institution. He said he was spending his vacation at his old home. While I was on board the train from Albany to Rome Mr. Seigman got aboard, and we had a very pleasant conversation. He said he was on his way to Oneida to see Professor Jewell and his wife.

I was in Rome, N. Y., on the 29th, for a few hours, visiting the institution. The only teacher that I found there was Professor Johnson, who kindly invited me to dine with him.

I returned to this pleasant little village the same night, after an absence of seven and a half months.

I cannot leave this place, to-day, without saying something about our friend Mr. Daniel P. Marcy, of New Orleans. During my sojourn in that gay city, I could not help being impressed by the dignity of his personal appearance, and the excellence of his language, which enable him to hold the position of probate clerk, a very responsible office. Never will the writer forget the uniform kindness with which he received and treated him. He is held in high esteem by all with whom he comes in contact. I know of four deaf-mutes engaged in the same business, viz: Mr. Marcy, of New Orleans, La., Mr. Holmes, of Boston, Mass., Mr. Branch, of Nash-

ville, Tenn., and Mr. Siegmund, of Utica, N. Y. They have all proven themselves qualified for their positions.

I leave this place for Watertown, N. Y., and Boston, Mass., this afternoon, stopping in Concord, N. H., and Marblehead, Mass. I shall hold service in Boston next Sunday, Aug. 11th, for the first time in eight months, during which time I have had the pleasure and privilege of carrying on my mission work in the South and West. I expect to be transferred from New England to the southern States next November, to confine my work there permanently, with the privilege of holding services in the North during the summer and a part of the fall. I expect to make Baltimore my headquarters for the Southern mission.

I hope to meet, and find my New England friends in good health and fine spirits during my brief work among them. I should do injustice to Mr. and Mrs. Rider, Mrs. Chandler, Miss Avery and Milton and Lawrence Jones if I did not testify to their great kindness shown me.

Yours sincerely,

Job TURNER.

Domestic Economy.

The "Why" in Vegetable Cooking.

Why should beans never be put into cold water to soak, as is often recommended? Because all the nutritious portion of the bean is extracted by the process. They should be washed in warm water, then in cold, be tied loosely in a cloth, be put into boiling water, with a spoonful of dripping and a little salt in it, and be kept boiling for four hours. They are then excellent if served with gravy, and not with melted butter. They serve as garnish for roast mutton or beef, and are excellent eating served whole or as a puree. To make the latter, when the beans are done, throw them instantly into cold water, when the skins will slip off. Rub the beans through a colander, and mix a lump of butter with them. A little stock, or milk, or cream, is excellent mixed in. Why should plenty of fast-boiling water be used in boiling vegetables, potatoes excepted? Because the greater the body of boiling water the greater the heat. If only a little water be used, the whole affair soon cools, and the vegetables become tough, so much so that no length of time in boiling them will render them otherwise. Broccoli sprouts, in April, if properly cooked by boiling them for eight minutes in boiling water, will be tender as marrow; but if not properly done, hours will not cook them. Why should onions be always cut in round and very thin rings? Because the fibre is thus cut across, and in so cutting them, whether for frying or for making sauce, they are rendered very tender when cooked. With turnips and carrots it is just the same; neither of the three should be split or cut in any other way.

Onions.

The unpleasant breath which eating this vegetable produces is perhaps the greatest objection to its use, but still it is a very wholesome and desirable article of food for many, and hence should be brought on the table in the most attractive form. White onions and those grown in the South are the least odorous and pungent. Take off the outside skin, cut off both ends close, and let them stand in cold water an hour, then drop them into a saucepan with two quarts of boiling water.—Cover and boil fifteen minutes. Have a kettle of boiling water on the fire ready for use, pour off the water from the onions, and add as much more—be sure the water is boiling—and boil half an hour longer. Scald a cupful of rich milk, pour off the second water from the onions, add the milk and a little graham flour to thicken it. Salt and otherwise season to taste. Boil up a few minutes and serve the onions whole; or they may be cut in halves before cooking.

Housekeeping Hints.

For jelly, currants should be gathered as soon as fairly colored. The juice of horse-sorel will remove fruit stains from the hands. Use no soap. We are told that molasses and water rubbed on rubber shoes will restore the gloss. Dissolve glue in whiskey instead of water. It will always be ready for use without heating. A cup of water in the oven, while baking, will prevent bread, cakes, etc., from burning.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

AUGUST 11th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 11th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus xiv. 2d Lesson—Acts xiv. English Lectionary. 1st Lesson—1st Chron. xix. 9-29. 2d Lesson—Romans ix. 1-10.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eighth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 11th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus xv. 2d Lesson—Hebrews xiii. English Lectionary. 1st Lesson—2d Chron. i. 1 or 1st Kings iii. 2d Lesson—Matt. xxii. 1-14. Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eighth Sunday after Trinity.

BALD HEADS - BALD HEADS - BALD HEADS - BALD HEADS - BALD HEADS

HEADS—BALD HEADS—

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

CARBOLINE

A DEODORIZED EXTRACT OF PETROLEUM.

The Only Article that will Restore Hair on Bald Heads.

| | | |
|---|--|---|
| CARBOLINE A wonderful discovery. Restores the hair. Grows a new crop of hair in six weeks. | CARBOLINE Grows a new crop of hair in six weeks. | CARBOLINE is prepared from the oil as it flows from Nature's great chemical laboratory by a scientific process. |
|---|--|---|

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
An elegant dressing. Restores faded hair.
Was never known to fail in a single instance.

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
Eradicates dandruff. Restores gray hair.
Is not a dye. Restores the hair naturally.

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
Invigorates the scalp. Acts like magic.

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
The process invented by a practical chemist, who was led to experiment upon Petroleum as a hair restorative by reading an interesting article in the "Scientific American," London, resident of the frontier town of Krichka in Russia. Mr. Morton had tried with extraordinary success the use of Petroleum upon his own hair, which had lost their hair on being affected with the cattle plague. The idea was

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
Strengthens the hair. Recommends itself
for the hair and the look of the hair.

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
Does not dry. Restores lost vitality
Performs what other hair restorers only claim.

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
Gives hair glow. Absolutely certain.

...suggested. I am a hairdresser, I collected
...routines. I have seen a man who had
flat a former servant at the hotel, pre-
maturely bald, had a singular habit when
trimming the lamp, of wiping his petro-
leum from his forehead. I have seen
looks still remaining to him. Three
months from his first appearance at the
hotel he was the subject of general re-
mark, covered with the hair of a young
abundance of **FINE GLOSSY BLACK HAIR**.

Is the talk all over town.

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE

Is the best hair tonic. Beautifies the hair.
Is destined to become a household word.

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
 Contains no minerals. Restores original color.
 Is praised by every one who has tried it.
CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
 Is a natural product. Restores discolored hair.

HEADS - BACK

is the crowning achievement of the medical world.

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE

Cooling and cleanly. Removes scurf.
Is worth its weight in gold.

CARBOLINE CARBOLINE

Makes the hair glossy. Is sure, safe, certain.

Cologne; he now presents

CARBOLINE

to the public without fear of contradiction as the best restorative and beautifier of the hair the world has ever produced.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Buy it; you will never regret it.

BALD CARBOLINE CARBOLINE
 Sold everywhere. Price, one dollar.
BALD HEADS—BALD HEADS—BALD HEADS—BALD HEADS—BALD HEADS

WOMAN

Dierce's

WOMAN.

By an immense practice, extending through a period of years, having within that time treated many thousand cases of those diseases peculiar to women, I have been enabled to prepare a most potent and agreeable medicine that meets the indications presented by this class of diseases with positive certainty and exactness.

To designate this natural specific compound, I have named

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

SIZE OF PELLETS.
○○○

Or Sugar-Coated, Concentrated,

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The form, however, is but a feeble expression of my high appreciation of its value, as shown upon my own personal observation. As a close observer, I have, while witnessing its positive results in the female system, been induced to call it the "organism of woman, singled it out as the climax or crowning gem of my knowledge of the human system."

and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules, THE "LITTLE GIANT" CATHARTIC, or Maltum in Physic.

The novelty of modern Medical, Chemical and Pharmaceutical Science. No use of or large quantities of drugs, and no medicine composed of cheap, cheap, and bulky ingredients when we can, by a simple application of the "Little Giant" cathartic and other

[illegible]

The following are among those diseases in which the use of **Dr. Williams' Pink Pills** has worked cures, as if by magic, and with a certainty never before attained by any other medicine: **General Debility, Painful Monthly Periods, Suppressions when from Unnatural Causes, Nervous Prostration, Headaches, and Falling of the Uterus, Anæmia and Retroversion of the Neck, Stomachicæ, Indigestion, Catarrhs of the Stomach, Depression, Debility, Dependence, Nervousness, Irritability, and all the Disorders of the Blood.**

threatened, threatened Chronic Catarrhs, Hemorrhoids, Impotency, Barrenness, or Sterility, Female Weakness, and every many other chronic diseases incident to the human system. In all affections of this nature, my Favorite Prescription works like a charm, and cures like a marvel of the world. This I can testify to, for I have used it, but it admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most perfect specific in all chronic diseases, and it is so safe, that it can be used with perfect confidence, and will do harm, in any state or condition.

Those who desire further information on these subjects, can obtain it in **THE PEOPLE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISOR**, a book of over 500 pages, sent post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. It treats of all diseases peculiar to Men, Women, and Children, and gives much valuable advice in regard to the management of these affections.

FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

They are sold by all Druggists and a bottle.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Prop'r.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Prop'r.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

GRAY HAIR.

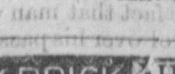
The Mysteries of Carbolean as a Restorative.

The composition of the human hair has never been accurately or satisfactorily determined. Chemical analysis has revealed its main constituents, but as it varies essentially in different persons, and in the same person at different ages, it is impossible to determine, with any accuracy, exactly what quality is lacking where a person becomes prematurely gray, or what preparation is best suited

FLY BRICK
The Little Giant Fly

KILLS all the FLIES in a room in TWO HOURS.

rec. worth will kill more flies than 900 other



to restore the natural growth and vigor where the hair falls out so as to meet the requirements of the hair. It is that artificial preparations have failed, in some essential at least, to meet the requirements of a perfect hair restorative. There are a number of excellent dressings and washings, and scores of preparations that are either indifferent or positively injurious, and the great multiplicity of these furnishes an argument in support of the fact that there is something lacking in them all. The new article, Carboline, contains all the qualities essential to a perfect hair restorative, both as regards natural color and a full, luxuriant growth. The basis of Carboline is petroleum, and in that wonderful article, produced in Nature's own laboratory, are properties which the chemist's art has not yet been able to combine, and which act like magic upon the scalp, the follicles and the various elements of which the hair is composed. Its use as a hair-dressing is the greatest of modern discoveries, and were it not for the fact that the Gray's

no longer a purely gray and thread should not, at a trifling expense, secure to themselves that most desirable and attractive of all personal adornments, a luxuriant and healthy growth of hair. Sold by druggists.

FEMALES Dr. Marchigi's Uterine CATHOLICON will positively cure Female Weakness, such as Falling of the Womb, Whites, Chronic Inflammation, Irritation of the Womb, Incidental Hemorrhages or Flooding, Painful Suppression, Sterility, and all other ailments of the Female System, by a simple and reliable remedy. Send postal card for description and reliable remedy. Sold by all druggists, or by mail, a pamphlet, with treatment, containing full directions, sent free. Price, 25 cents. **W. A. LUTICA, N. Y.** Sold by all Druggists—\$1.00 per bottle

DR. D. D. KENNEDY'S
SOLD EVERYWHERE BY THE MANUFACTURER
GENSOUT N. Y.

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